

# Children's Sermon

Peacemakers.

By Rev. Stuart Nye Hutchison, D. D.

Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.—Matthew 5:9.

Every boy admires a soldier. This week when the soldiers from the fort and the sailors from the battleships parade through the streets, I know that every boy in town will be there to hear the bands play and to see the fine, straight lines of men marching. Most boys think what a fine thing it would be when they grow up to be soldiers.

And the girls admire the soldiers, too. While I was in Lexington watching the dress parade of the V. M. I. boys someone said to me, "Do you know, all the girls just love brass buttons and a pretty uniform." And we ought all to admire the soldiers. Some of the finest men of the nation have gone into the army and the navy. They are ready at any time to give their lives to save their country.

But there is something that is finer than making war. Jesus tells us here what it is. It is making peace. The very best life is not that of the warmaker, but that of the peacemaker.

We all dislike a troublemaker. There is a little girl I know and the other children call her "the Troublemaker." No matter how peaceably the other children may be playing together, as soon as she appears there is always trouble. She sets one child against another, and before long there is a quarrel, and then the fun is over. No one likes to see her come around. She is a "troublemaker."

But everyone loves a peacemaker. Some-

times at sea when the ocean is rough and the little boats are in danger of being overturned, they pour oil on the water. This oil helps to make the sea smooth and calm.

A peacemaker is one who helps to make life calm and smooth for other people. There were two little boys who were about to have a fight. There were some bigger boys there who were urging them on. When the little fellows were about ready to pitch into each other, there came along another boy. When he saw what was going on he took each of them by the arm and led them off and talked to them a moment, and before long they were smiling, and went off to play together as if nothing had happened. He was a peacemaker. I found out afterward that he was one of the most popular boys in school. Wherever he goes he makes things smooth and peaceable.

President Wilson is a peacemaker. When this country and Mexico were about ready to have a fight, and the other nations, like a lot of naughty, big boys, were urging them on, the president said, "Let's talk this over," and after they had had a talk there was no war.

Jesus says that peacemakers shall be called the children of God. Whom does your father love best of all the children in the world? He loves you, doesn't he, because you are his children. Whom does God love best of all the people in the world. He loves His children. And who are God's children? They are the peacemakers. So if you want God to love you begin to-day to be a peacemaker.

Norfolk, Va.

"He sits and floats all day long, wherever the wind and water may choose to carry him. His meals are brought to him, too—all he can eat. He's a ravenous fellow, a regular wolf for hunting and devouring."

"Is it a riddle, grandfather?" Hal asked, suspiciously.

"Well, perhaps; see if you can guess it! The raft-builder is very beautifully marked, and has exceedingly strong jaws; and whenever a water insect floats too near the raft he is quickly seized in those strong jaws and swallowed before he can even try to get away."

"Is it a frog, grandfather?"

"No."

"A kingfisher?"

"No."

"Is it—oh! what is it, grandfather?"

But just at that moment a tiny floating platform of leaves and twigs came sailing slowly toward them down the creek; and on it, looking round with bright, greedy eyes, sat a large, beautifully marked water spider, eager and alert for food.

"There! there!" cried both boys. "There he comes now—old spider wolf! It is, it is, isn't it, grandfather?"

"Yes, that's the raft-builder," said grandfather, "and he's a bloodthirsty fellow, too. See how he watches for every water insect on his way! He's ready for them every minute."

And when the odd little craft sailed out of sight round a bend, the boys' raft was successfully launched, and grandfather stood on the shore clapping his hands and cheering. But nobody cheered Mr. Water Spider, who had built his raft all alone!—Selected.

## Children's Letters

### RECITED CATECHISM.

Dear Presbyterian: I am a little girl eleven years old. I cannot go to school now because we have infantile paralysis in our town. This is my first letter to you. I have recited the little catechism. My Sunday-school teacher's name is Mrs. Talbott. My father takes your good paper, and I love to read your good stories.

Your friend,

Elkins, W. Va.

Mary Wees.

Dear Mary: It is too bad that you have to stay from school. I hope you won't get very lonely.—H. A.

### MOLLY AND PETER COTTONTAIL.

Dear Presbyterian: I am a little girl ten years old. I don't go to school but I am going in February in the 4-A grade. My mother teaches me arithmetic at home. I go to Sunday-school whenever I can. I have gotten a pin. I have two pet bunnies. Their names are Molly Cottontail and Peter Cottontail. I better end now, for my letter is getting too long.

Your unknown friend,

Jane Stuart Curry.

Dear Jane: I know you are glad you are going to school. Mother must have taught you a lot at home if you can enter the 4-A grade. Write me how you like going to school.—H. A.

### IN THE THIRD GRADE.

Dear Presbyterian: I am a little boy seven years old. I am in the third grade. My teacher is named Miss Essie Carter. I have two cats and one dog. I go to Sunday-school in the summer, but we do not have any during the winter. Please print my letter. I want grandma to see it. She takes your paper.

Your little friend,

Pamplin, Va.

Vernon C. Womack.

Dear Vernon: It is a pity that you can't go to Sunday-school all the year. Do you study your Sunday-school lessons at home in the winter? You wrote such a good letter that I know you have a fine teacher.—H. A.

### HASN'T MISSED A DAY.

Dear Presbyterian: I am a little girl eight years old. I go to school. I have not missed a day this winter. I am in the second grade. My teacher's name is Miss May Hamilton, and my Sunday-school teacher's name is Miss Annah Ruckman. I go to Dr. Fraser's church in Staunton, and we go three miles. We have a pet dog and his name is "Ring." We think so much of him. We feed him candy every time we get some. I hope you will print this as I want to surprise my father.

Your little friend,

Sara Permele Byrd.

Staunton, Va., R. 4.

Dear Sara: You have done splendidly to go all winter without missing a day from school. I hope you can keep up that record for the rest of the year. H. A.

### ON THE ROLL OF HONOR.

Dear Presbyterian: I am a little girl eight years old. I go to school every day. I get on roll of honor nearly every month. My school teacher's name is Miss Jean Boatwright. I enjoy the children's page very much. I go to Sunday-school every Sunday I can. My Sunday-school teacher is Mrs. Coleman Callaban. We have a bird dog named "Dinks." He can speak for his water and dinner. I have one little brother named Howard. He is six years old. He will go with me to school before very long. My grandma is spending the winter in Florida. I hope Valentine day will soon come. Please print my letter as I want to surprise my mother and grandma.

Your friend,

Fanny Penn Ford.

Dear Fanny: You do well to get on the roll of honor "nearly every month." Are you going to send grandma a valentine to Florida?—H. A.

### PERFECT ATTENDANCE FOR TWO YEARS.

Dear Presbyterian: I am a little girl eleven years old. I am in the sixth grade at school. My teacher's name is Miss Stella M. Duke. I like her fine. I go to school every day. I have not missed a day at school for two years. I go to Sunday-school every Sunday. I have one sister and brother going off to school in Tennessee. Three more brothers are at home. I have three little kittens and one pup. My father takes your paper and likes it fine. What does the word "Bible" mean?

Your friend,

Fairfield, Va.

Elizabeth Hite.

Dear Elizabeth: You have a splendid record of attendance at school. I am sure you are getting along better because of it.—